

The History of

Prin. What saist thou, mistress quickly? how doth thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou lacke?

Fal. The other night I fell a sleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy house, they picke pockets.

Prim. What didst thou lose, Iacke?

Fals. Wilt thou beleue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of forty pound a peece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Hest. So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and my Lord he speaks most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prim. What he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in meels.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for womanhood, maid Marion may bee the deputies wife Of the ward to thee. Go, youthing, go.

Host. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing; why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hof. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, & setting thy Knighthoode aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beest, thou knaue thou?

Falß. What beast? why, an Otter.

Prin. An Otter fir Iohn? why an Otter?

Falst. Why? shees neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hof. Thou art an vnjust man in saying so, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou

Prin. Thou sayest true, Hostes, and he flanders thee most
grofely.

Hest, So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day You ought

Henry t.

ought him a thousand pound.

Prince Sirra, doe I owe you

Fal. A thousand pound H
million: thou owest me thy lo

Hof. Nay, my Lord, hee can
cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, Bardoll?

Bar. Indee'de, fir lohn, you

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring

Pri. I say tis copper: dar'ft thou

Fal Why Hal: thou know
but as thou art Prince, I feare
Lyons Whelp.

Prince And why not as th

Fal. The King himselfe,
thou thinke ile feare thee, as I
pray God my girdle breake.

Prim. O, if it should, how wo
but firra, ther's no roome for
bosome of thine, It is all fill

Charge an honest woman with
horeson impudentimboft rafe
pocket, but trauerne reckonin

ses, and one poore peniwort
long winded: if thy pocket w
ries but these I am a villaine;

will not pocket vp wrong: an
Fal Doeſt thou heare, ha
cency, Adam fell, & what ſh

the daies of villanie? thou see

man, & therfore more fraity
Prim. It apeares so by the st

Fal. Hostesse, I forgive th
thy husband, looke to thy se

Must find me tractable to any
pacified still: nay, prethee be
blameless.

Now Hal, to the newes at co
 sider answered;